

A Man of Peace.

Some policies of President Wilson have been assailed in these columns, and they will be assailed again, and persistently, until some of them are changed or defeated. But Woodrow Wilson, the man, has one great claim to the everlasting gratitude of the American people, a claim that Mr. Taft, also, would have earned were he in the executive chair; it is based on the fact that the United States is at peace today. Had the jingoism of Hobson and Theodore Roosevelt prevailed, this continent might now be torn by a struggle, smaller in scope, but no less horrible, than that raging on the continent of Europe. Thanks to Woodrow Wilson's steadfast adherence to the ways of peace, in face of a widespread and hysterical clamor for war, this country is today a vast workshop instead of an armed camp. Instead of having sown the seed of lasting hatred in the breast of a neighboring nation, we have strengthened the bonds of friendship, and won the respect and trust of all the nations of the two Americas. Nor can anyone say that we have lost prestige in the eyes of the warlike nations of Europe.—Boston Advertiser (Rep.)

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NEW EFFECTIVE FLY KILLER

Cod Liver Oil Declared to Be Far More Valuable Than Anything in Use.

Doctor Lang, government veterinary surgeon at Noumea, New Caledonia, has just discovered a new virtue in cod liver oil; he finds it is a powerful insecticide. He has used it especially against certain flies that are attracted by wounds upon horses and cattle, pestering the poor creatures and infesting the sores. He wipes the skin of the animal with cod liver oil; the flies come and are instantly killed.

Doctor Lang says that ticks on dogs and other animals are killed by a drop of this oil. He recommends that when wounds are receiving the open-air and sunlight treatment they be covered with cod-liver oil, as this will prevent any infection.

Cod liver oil poured on the surface of stagnant pools and marshes is said to kill the larvae of mosquitoes more surely and quickly than even coal oil, over which it has this other advantage—that it does not evaporate.

REALLY THE GREAT PROBLEM

Curious Student Offered Question Far More Puzzling Than the Professor's.

The conversation at a recent social affair ran to great problems, when Representative Samuel A. Witherspoon of Mississippi was reminded of the question of a learned professor.

The professor in question was instructing a class in natural philosophy, and during the lecture he paused and impressively looked at the class.

"If a hole were bored through the center of the earth, from side to side," said he, "and a ball dropped into it, would it come to a state of rest?"

"Pardon me, professor," interrupted a young man, "will you permit me to ask what I consider a greater question in that connection?"

"Certainly," was the prompt response of the professor. "I am very glad to have you ask any questions."

"What I want to know is this," smilingly returned the young man, "how are you going to get that hole through?"

NEWS BY TELEPHONE.

For a monthly payment of about \$1.50 two Berlin publishers have offered to supply telephone subscribers in the German capital with a combined telephonic news and musical service. It is understood that subscribers will be rung up at regular intervals throughout the day, and a voice will tell them the news of the hour from all parts of the world, stock exchange prices, sporting results and everything of interest at the moment.

The telephonic newspaper is by no means a new idea, for a good many years ago the Telefon-Hisemondo, or Telephone News, was published in Budapest. The staff consisted of one managing editor, four subeditors, ten reporters and a number of "tellers," or telephone speakers. The subscribers, of whom there were several thousands, took up at a certain hour every day telephone receivers supplied to them by the paper and listened to the news which was spoken to them by a "teller" in the editorial office.

CROQUET PLAYED BY GAULS.

The game of croquet, which has again become so popular, is of an ancient origin, having been invented by the Gauls. It was then known as jeu de mail, and was so extensively played that promenades were strewn with these games, until the avenues were called the "mails," but in 1660, when Charles II introduced it into England, the name was anglicized into pall mall, from which the noted London thoroughfare has derived its name.

THE GREATER PERIL.

"I know a man who has worked for twenty years in a powder mill."
"Does he fear an explosion there?"
"Not half as much as he does at home."—Baltimore Sun.

NO PLACE TO LOOK.

"There is one queer thing about looking for official timber."
"What is that?"
"The seekers never take to the woods."

HAD ODD IDEA OF JUSTICE

Chances Are, However, That "Kun'l" Bones' Somewhat Primitive Methods Achieved Results.

When "Kun'l Jedge" Bone was an undisputed czar in his county in western Kentucky, says a contributor to Lippincott's Magazine, he disposed of cases that came up before him with severity or clemency, according to their merits in his eyes, and without regard to law or precedent.

In one instance two old negroes went to law about a certain mule, which each accused the other of having stolen. Inasmuch as the case presented many amusing features, the "kun'l jedge" enjoyed it the first day as a sort of special performance for his entertainment; but the second day he summarily dismissed court, in order to go with a hunting party.

"Now, see heah; I'm tired of listenin' to all that nonsense. One or the other of you stole that mule, and it's mighty plain to my mind that evah last one of you have been up heah swearin' to a pack of lies. Unc' Mose, you can keep that mule—you was the last one to git him. Unc' Joe, you go 'long up to the big house and tell Son Bob I said to give you that ol' block mule outer the pasture. Now evah las' one of you cleah out, and if evah I find out who stole that mule I'll punish him yet. Co't's dismissed till day aftah tomor'ah—no, better make it nex' Monday. We'll be down in the bottom three or fo' days, won't we, Zack?"

HIS CONTRIBUTION



Claude—Old Closefist is the meanest man in the state. I asked him to contribute something to an Arctic expedition.

Clara—And what did he contribute?

Claude—A grass-cutter.

THE COUNTRY IN THE CITY.

A few years ago there was much talk and writing about the possibility of "bringing the country into the city" by means of tree planting, little backyard gardens, flower boxes in windows, and so on. In Great Britain, if memory serves, a national conference was held to promote these laudable local enterprises and stimulate rivalry and emulation.

Mr. Prost, Chicago's city forester, applies the term "suburbanization" to this movement. Evidently in the last few years the distance between the city and the country, "the real country," as commuters say with wistful accent, has grown wider. The intervening spaces are suburban, and if we can suburbanize our business and crowded residential quarters we shall do well. But, call the process what one will, trees, shade, flowers, grass, little gardens are lovely and attractive under any description.—Chicago Herald.

DECEPTIVE APPEARANCE.

"You do not speak to him?"
"No," replied the scholarly girl.
"When I passed him I gave him the geological survey."
"The geological survey?"
"Yes. What is commonly known as the stony stare."

OFF HIS FEE.

Doctor—You are suffering from a complication of diseases—at least six.

Patient—I suppose you'll allow me a discount on half a dozen, doctor.

DEVOUT?

Sonny—It takes papa a long time to say his prayers this morning.

Mother—He isn't saying his prayers. He's shaving with his new safety.

Sonny—Well, he's talking mighty loud to God, anyhow.

The Eve Before Waterloo.

JUNE 17, 1815.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry,
and bright

The lamps shone o'er fair women
and brave men.
A thousand hearts beat happily;
and when

Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes
which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell.

But hush! hark; a deep sound
strikes like a rising knell.
Did ye not year it?—No; 'twas
but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street.

On with the dance! Let joy be
unconfined,
No sleep till morn, when Youth
and Pleasure meet

To chase the glowing hours with
flying feet!
But hark! that heavy sound
breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;

And nearer, clearer, deadlier,
than before!
Arm! Arm! It is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that
high hall,
Sat Brunswick's fated chieftain.
He did hear

That sound the first amid the
festival,
And caught its tone with Death's
prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he
deemed it near,

His heart more truly knew that
peal too well,
Which stretched his father on a
bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood
alone could quell.

He rushed into the field, and
foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying
to and fro,
And gathering tears and tremblings
of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an
hour ago

Blushed at the praise of their
own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings,
such as press

The life from out young hearts,
and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated.
Who could guess

If ever more should meet those
mutual eyes
Since upon night so sweet such
awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot
haste; the steed,
The muttering squadron, and the
clattering ear;

Went pouring forward with im-
petuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks
of war;

And the deep thunder; peal on
peal, afar;
And near, the beat of the alarm-
ing drum

Roused up the soldier ere the
morning star;
While thronged the citizens, with
terror dumb,

Or whispering with lips—"The
foe! They come! They come!"

Last noon beheld them full of
lusty life;
Last eve, in Beauty's circle, so
proudly gay;

The midnight brought the signal-
sound of strife;
The morn, the marshaling in
arms; the day.

Battle's magnificent stern array!
The thunder clouds close o'er it,
which when rent

The earth is covered thick with
other clay.

Which her own clay shall cover—
heaped and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend,— foe,
—in one red burial blent!

LORD BYRON.

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